

Wish You Were Here

by Elennare

Category: Swallows and Amazons series

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 03:20:17

Updated: 2016-04-11 03:20:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:07:25

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 683

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Timothy's search for copper is constantly being hampered, and he can't help but wish for Jim.

Wish You Were Here

**\*\*AN\*\***: Set during Pigeon Post. For the 'Wish' challenge at **\*\*fan\_flashworks\*\***. Also fills the 'perspective flip' square of my trope\_bingo card.

\* \* \*

><p>Steeling himself, Timothy Stedding decided to attempt another foray into High Topps. Surely there couldn't be any more children around? Apparently there could be, he discovered, as a girl leapt up in front of him - out of nowhere, as far as he could tell - pursuing a butterfly with a knitted cap. And beyond her there was yet another girl! This was just too much; Timothy gave up and turned westwards once more, heading for the Screes. He wouldn't find the copper itself there, he knew, but there was a good chance of the gosson that traced it. There wouldn't be any children up there, eitherâ€¦ He glanced up nervously at the thought, and was relieved to see no sign of movement. The steep rocky slopes offered little chance for concealment, too, unlike the bracken and heather of the Topps. No, no-one would bother him there.<p>

He strode on along the edge of High Topps, wishing - as he had so many times before - that he weren't quite so shy. Why couldn't he just have kept going, instead of doing what pretty much amounted to running away? Those children hadn't been trying to get in his way, surely (even if they had managed it most effectively); he couldn't very well have asked them to leave, but he could and should have just ignored them. I wish Jim were here, he thought as he had so often over the past days. Jim would have walked cheerfully through, paying them no mind, or even rallied them to help - he remembered Jim's occasional stories of his nieces, though he had always been thoroughly confused by all the boating details. If only these children were keen on boating too, and down at the Lake instead of

messing about up hereâ€¦ still, they surely wouldn't stay up on the Topps all day, not in this heat. He'd have plenty of chances to search there later on, and if he could find gosson up on the Screes he'd have a better idea of where to begin hunting, instead of wandering aimlessly.

It was a pity the old chap at the slate mine had frozen up as he had, too. Funny, thatâ€¦ Timothy had met wary old countrymen often enough before, but they had been suspicious and uncommunicative from the first; Slater Bob, meanwhile, had bordered on garrulous during their first meeting, seeming delighted to have another miner to talk to. When he'd visited him lately, though, the old man had clammed up and refused to tell him anything, leaving Timothy baffled. Once again, he wished Jim were here; he'd known Bob for years, and the old miner would doubtless be happy to talk to him.

Timothy pushed the thought away, thoroughly out of patience with himself. They'd decided to travel separately for a number of good reasons, he reminded himself as he began climbing northwards along the lower slopes of the Grey Screes. Jim would be here soon enough, and there was plenty to do in the meantime. The important thing now was to do the job as well as he could himself before Jim arrived, find a good vein or at least a lead for it. There was no time to waste on moping, especially as it seemed he would have to manage without both Jim's equipment and old Bob's advice.

All the same, as he worked through the afternoon, sometimes glancing over at the Topps - the children were always there, he noticed, and wondered they didn't get bored - the same thought kept coming to his mind. Even the excitement of suddenly finding a rich patch of gosson, hammering at the crack in the rock and running the red, porous stuff through his fingers, was overshadowed by the vision of the gleeful grin Jim would have given him over the discovery. \_Oh, Jim. I do wish you were here\_.

End  
file.